

Assorted Pills and Misguided Feelings

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Promise, Sewers, and it's just to spook him, and like sorta dirty things?, but the most he does is kiss him, eddie is scared of liking boys, let eddie be happy, like penny takes the form of rich and fucks with eddie, penny says mean things, poor boy, richie carries around a spare inhaler for eddie, some sort of richie body horror

Language: English

Characters: Betty Ripsom (mentioned), Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stan Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Without any words, the other boy slowly turned around, every second feeling like an eternity. Eddie froze completely as he laid eyes on the freckled boy. A pair of dark brown decaying eyes stared back at the hypochondriac. Skin rotted off his body, maggots wiggling and crawling under the rotting flesh. Thick globs of coagulated blood dripped down his body, splashing into the water. “Hey spaghetti head, I thought you’d never find me..”

Eddie on the other hand was close to an asthma attack, feeling a pressure starting to push down on his chest. It was like two large hands were pressing down on his chest, squeezing until all the air puffed out of the smaller boy. He took a trembling shake backwards, starting to try to fish his inhaler out of his pocket. “W-what are you

talking about?" he choked out.

(TLDR: penny takes the form of a decaying rotting Richie to scare Eddie)

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Author's Note:

Please Read: Quick note, a very nice reader has pointed out that there is a forced kiss between decaying rich (penny) and eds for a moment in the story and I sorta tagged it but it's towards the bottom of the tags. They pointed out I should fix that (and since editing tags is a nightmare) I thought it would be much more clear to just add a note! So here!

Please keep in mind before reading: there's internalized homophobia, hints of body horror, Pennywise says dirty/naughty things to Eddie, and Pennywise does forcibly kiss Eddie for a moment.

If I forgot anything that may bother people, feel free to politely send me a message and I'll add it!

For the longest time in his life, Eddie thought his worst fear in the world was his “sickness”. The idea of hurling over, coughing up blood until all he could taste was iron or feeling so dizzy the world was spinning right before he heeled over and kicked the bucket. It left him lying awake at night, almond colored eyes staring at the ceiling as his thoughts ate at him. Ever since he was barely walking, he was treated as if he was about to die from illness any minute. Like a hammer pounding a nail into plank of wood, the fact he was sick was pounded into his head by his over attentive mother.

His mother was able to convince him how dire the situation was ever since he was little. He could just barely remember the blurred memories of his mother telling the young boy how “sick” he was, how he needed to be protected, kept safe from the world. Much like a baby being fed it’s mush, Eddie accepted the lies she fed him. He swallowed them like bitter cough syrup, accepting one simple fact:

Eddie Kaspbrak was sick.

And it was utterly terrifying.

While the years passed and Eddie grew older, there was another quiet fear creeping up on him. The moment he started to realize he was different was at a special little sleepover. Just a long day of fun at Bill's, transitioning to a sleepover when it got much too late for the boys to return to their homes. Just Bill, Stan, Richie, and him.

It had been a late night when a tired, sleepy Eddie found himself curling up beside Richie trashmouth Tozier. Everyone seemed to be finding their way to bed, Stan and Bill bunking together as usual and poor little Georgie being shooed off to go to bed by his older brother. It had been sweet, the way he wanted to be included with the "big kids".. Eddie never knew how much he'd soon miss the little voice following them around, begging Bill to be included in their games or the small hands tugging on Eddie's shirt to ask him what he took those pills for or why he needed an inhaler.

Either way, not knowing how the future would unfold, Eddie had went to bed that night curled up beside the warm body next to him.. He had been much too tired to remember all the lies his mother tried to pound into his head about the thousands of diseases the Tozier boy must carry. Rather, he'd notice the sweet smell of raspberries and oak forest the other had or the way his chest rose and fell peacefully as they rested. What Eddie hadn't noticed was his small blush, the sincere cute happy smile on his face, or the warm fluttery feeling settling in his chest.

That's just how you're supposed to feel around guys.. He was sure of it. It was a sign of how-how close of friends you two were. There was no way he.. He felt special things around other men. Eddie wasn't gay, it just wasn't true. His mother was sure of it, he knew his friends must be sure of it, and he was sure of it. Why on earth would he be attracted to guys? He surely wasn't attracted to Richie Tozier either.

The summer of 1988, it was supposed to just be any other summer. Well, it wasn't about to be. As much as Eddie didn't want to, he let Bill convince them to go down to the Barents.. No-the sewers. He wanted to actually splash around in damn dirty shit water, all because he wanted to.. Find Georgie. No one wanted to be the bearer of bad news but by this point, they all knew the younger Denbrough boy wasn't just missing.. At least, not anymore.

No matter how much they wanted to see the smiling face of the kid again or listen to his happy voice begging to be included as "one of the big kids", Georgie has been missing for quite a while... And the chances of him being okay was, sadly slim.

That didn't stop Bill from looking for any leads on his little brother's whereabouts, it didn't matter where it took them or what rabbit hole it lead them down. They were now stuck following a twisting rabbit hole happened to lead them to.. A clown.

It wasn't just some haha throw a pie in his face, make an annoying joke and spray you in the face type of clown. Whatever the fuck it was, this was not some normal clown-it was some monster. It was the only way Eddie could describe the thing. This creature wasn't anything human, it's like he knew his nightmares, knew what kept him awake at night. Like something out of a horror movie, Pennywise the dancing clown didn't seem real.

This thing-no this clown wasn't real. It couldn't be. Eddie didn't want to believe it was real, he didn't want it to get to him. Along with the clown, he knew that damn diseased leper wasn't real, it wasn't possible. Although, no matter how hard he wanted to deny it, he let the group string him along in his mess, ending up almost a clown's snack and his poor arm twisted and broken. To the clown, his arm was like a little twig he could easily bend and snap beyond recognition. If his arm was the twig, did that make Eddie the sobbing screaming plant kicking and shouting for help.

His mother put down the hammer though, insisting she never see the rest of the losers again.

One trip to the pharmacy later, learning those damn pills ruling his life were just bullshit, standing up to his overbearing mother, and he

was soon biking out with his friends to the Neibolt house. For once in his life, Eddie Kaspbrak felt like he was on top of the world. Nothing out there could put him down now, and that he was completely sure of.

His confidence fleeted a bit once they made it into the twisting, winding sewers under the Neibolt house. There was this ominous vibe leftover as they climbed into the sewers dark tunnel. One of the twisted tunnels were almost calling his name.

Eddie

Over and over again, he heard quiet whispers calling out to him.

Eddie, over here

Without much thought, his feet started to pace towards the noise. It felt completely involuntary, his feet moving forward while the sounds of the losers chatting amongst themselves started to grow more and more distant. Before he knew it, he could no longer hear the quiet chatter, instead the whispers only grew louder. They transcended from quiet whispers to much louder voices calling for him, begging him to come closer, *just a little further*.

A little further towards what, he was unsure. Although his feet refused to turn back to the losers, leaving Eddie utterly alone. Instead the tiny children like voices continued to guide him through dark winding sewer tunnels.

At the end of one of the twisting tunnels, a familiar raven haired boy was facing the wall. What the hell was trashmouth doing out here? Wasn't he just with the other losers a minute ago? Cracking jokes and annoying quips as usual..?

“Richie?” he called out, quirking a brow.

Without any words, the other boy slowly turned around, every second feeling like an eternity. Eddie froze completely as he laid eyes on the freckled boy. A pair of dark brown decaying eyes stared back at the hypochondriac. Skin rotted off his body, maggots wiggling and crawling under the rotting flesh. Thick globs of coagulated blood

dripped down his body, splashing into the water. “Hey spaghetti head, I thought you’d never find me..”

Eddie on the other hand was close to an asthma attack, feeling a pressure starting to push down on his chest. It was like two large hands were pressing down on his chest, squeezing until all the air puffed out of the smaller boy. He took a trembling shake backwards, starting to try to fish his inhaler out of his pocket. “W-what are you talking about?” he choked out.

The decaying boy took a few more steps closer, pieces of flesh sliding off like butter, handfuls of bugs splashing down into the water at their feet. “Don’t you remember eds? The missing posters?” He tilted his head to the side, that smile almost growing sinister. “I told you Eddie, what happens to missing kids, like Betty.. Like me.”

It was like his feet were glued in place, refusing to move an inch. No matter how much he wanted to run away full speed, they wouldn’t respond. “W-what-?” He asked, fumbling to pull the inhaler out. Eddie’s hopes died as it fell out of his hands, dropping into the water. There was no way in hell he was putting that in his mouth now.

“Oh no eds, that sucks,” the decaying Richie stepped closer, letting out an echoing laugh. “Don’t w-worry, I’ve still got your spare inhaler,” He started to fish the spare respirer out of his jacket pocket. He fished out a dirty old inhaler, centipedes and cockroaches crawling around on it. “Here you go, for my *best friend*.” He cooed, licking his dry lips for a moment.

Eddie immediately wanted to vomit when he laid eyes on the sight. He pressed his hands up to his mouth, big brown eyes the size of dinner plates. Panicking whimpers and wheezes were all he could manage to squeeze out, air hard to force in and out of his lungs. Instead, he stood there gasping for air while this fake Richie stepped closer.

“Something wrong Eddie? Cat got your tongue?” he prodded, tilting his head to the side a bit. Eddie swore his ear or something was ready to rot right off if Richie kept moving his head like that. He knew that’d cause him to spew chunks if he isn’t going to soon.

He let out a small laugh, now standing before him. In the dim light, Eddie could make out every gory detail on his face much much easier.. “Wheezy, what’s wrong? You look pale, you going to pass out?” He leaned in a bit, one hand moving up to rest on Eddie’s shoulder. The brunette almost felt like a perfect little porcelain doll, feet frozen in place and refusing to move no matter how hard he wanted to. “Is it me? Seeing what you let happen, by letting me go down here?”

“Or is it this hot, decaying body teasing you what’s driving you wild?” He didn’t let up there, tilting his head to the side, a brittle rotting hand moving up to rest on his soft cheek. “I always knew you were a dirty dirty sick bastard on the inside Kaspbrak, wetting your willy at the thought of my corpse rotting in some ditch or sewer.”

No that’s not-he would never want that!

Eddie’s breathing picked up, hands trembling. “No-no!” he choked out, taking a large step back and tripping over his shoelaces. The brunette fell backwards into the water with a loud splash, tears threatening the corners of his eyes. “Richie-I-I-” Words wouldn’t come out, his breathing was picking up. He could barely breathe, thoughts blurring together, panic fueling his system.

A loud giggle echoed up from the rotting boy and he kneeled down in front of the other boy. His cracked, broken glasses slide down his nose, a roach crawling over the lenses and hiding away in his messy curls. “Don’t lie you dirty naughty boy,” he cooed in a low voice, hand resting on his chest, “I know you want a piece of this disgusting whore!” The raven haired boy, rested both hands on Eddie’s hip with a large smirk on his face.

“Admit it you sicko! Admit that you want me, you want this!” He prodded on, poking at Eddie’s sides. Each time those fingers dug into his sides, whimpers escaped Eddie, hot heavy tears starting to well up in his eyes. “You want what mommy says you can’t have, girls have never been enough for ya weezy, is that it?”

The brunette shook his head, letting out a cry, words unable to come out. “S-st-!”

More loud laughter came from the Richie, his once just pokes turning into sharp jabs at Eddie's sensitive skin. Rather than playful and teasing, they grew mean and painful, the fake Richie growing sick of these little games. "Pucker up wheezy, I know you want to feel these lips," he cooed, a large centipede crawling out of his mouth, falling onto Eddie's chest, wiggling around in confusion.

This time a loud scream escaped the hypochondriac's lips, beginning to kick and screech for freedom. Sobs were welling up, his cast covered arm bashing at the other's face. "OFF-!" He tried to insist, not wanting this, not wanting his first kiss to be.. To be like this. The grip on his sides tightened, those rough chapped lips pressing onto his.

He could feel a tongue jabbing at him, not to get into his mouth. More like it was tasting him, sampling his lips to see if the rest of his warm flesh would be just as good. Loud aching sobs escaped Eddie, legs kicking and arms flailing wildly. It's not that kissing Richie wasn't a nice thought but.. Kissing this thing-this fake Richie didn't feel right.

Reality and illusion were blending together, his sobs for help growing louder and even more helpless, struggling and kicking for help growing more and more futile. His eyelids started to flutter shut, just wanting it to end.. He just wanted it over, wanted for it to end. "R.. rich.. 'M sorry," he cried out against the large chapped lips, hands trembling.

"Look at little eds, pathetic and sobbing for help," loud echoing laughter welling up from the decaying boy. He laughed harder, bending over in laughter. His mouth contorted, dark brown eyes flickering to yellow, his rotting teeth shifting into racer sharp chompers. Arms contorted, growing long and slender, claws sprouting from his finger tips. "Someone should put this whimpering puppy out of his misery!"

He was right.. His mother has always been right, Eddie was as fragile as a little doll and should have known that. Even if the pills were fake, she's always been right. He could shatter like glass just from the weakest touch, Eddie should have known it.

Weak, pathetic, useless.

It stood over him, inky black saliva dripping from his mouth onto Eddie's burgundy shirt. Staring down at him was a mixture of his Richie Tozier and the clown staring down at him. His eyes flickering between a sickly orange yellow and familiar coffee colored brown. Clown like frills and poofs were bursting out underneath the white shirt and patterned overshirt. Black curls shifted into a sickly orange color. His limbs had extended, leaving him towering over Eddie. What stuck out the most was the clown like face paint on what looked like Richie's rotting face. If Eddie wasn't going to die right here, he knew that would be in his nightmare tonight.

"Looks like that has to be me who puts the poor dog down," the creature laughed, starting to bend down. "What a shame huh?" His mouth started to open, and Eddie turned away, sobbing out for anything, anyone-

The sound of a fist size stone bouncing off the clown brought him back to reality.

Standing a few feet behind Eddie was a familiar face, an alive face. "Hey! Don't fucking touch him you piece of shit imposter!" Richie shouted, hurling another rock at the clown as it backed up towards one of the tunnels.

A bitter glare remained on the clowns face as he slide into the tunnel, Richie and the rest of the losers rushing to Eddie's side. "We thought we lost you there Eddie," Stan spoke up, crossing his arms square over his chest.

It wasn't long before loud sobs echoed from Eddie, hands shaking. Instantly, he was scooped up in Richie's arms. It should be illegal how nice it felt, how comforting it was being cradled in Richie's arms. "H-hey Eds, I'm glad you're okay," he heard Richie murmur but it was hard to get any words out over the crying.

A few of the other losers were gathered around, speaking words of encouragement to the shaking boy. He could make out Bill's stuttering or Mike's deeper voice promising him they were okay and wouldn't split up again. What stuck out the most was Richie's voice,

murmuring quiet praise in Eddie's ear.

"You're so brave.."

"I'm glad you're okay."

"Don't cry.. We'll be okay."

"I don't know what I would have done if you were.. were dead."

After a few minutes had passed, Eddie could finally muster the words to respond to Richie. It had been a few quiet words he wanted to say for a long time but couldn't find the courage. "Rich.. I.. I really like you."

For a minute, he expected Richie to laugh at him or ignore that he said but after another few beats of silence passed between the two, his trash mouth spoke up in a quiet tone of voice. "I know that you dork, I love you too."

Those were the best words he's ever heard in his entire life.

There was one fact he knew he learned that day, after all was said and done. After they saved Beverly, after they beat the shit out of a clown with pipes and baseball bats, after he came home and took a long hot shower. He had a lot of thinking to do under that hot steam.

He was gay, no matter what his mother said, he was gay.

And you know what? Eddie Kaspbrak was more than happy to be gay. That meant he was in love with Richie.. It didn't matter whatever his mother said to him, he wasn't dying of disease, he didn't like girls. He was as healthy as ever and he was in love with Richie Tozier. Every day they spent together only drove that fact home harder than ever.

Eddie Kaspbrak loved Richie Tozier with all his heart and soul.

And no one could change that, not his mother, not his clown, and not the son of a bitch neglectful adults in Derry.

Author's Note:

just a little thingy i wanted to write off eddie's character and his feelings for richie. its just a little thing to test out my writing and character writing, sorry if anything sucks. oh and all the stuff penny says to eds (ya know about wanting to do dirty stuff with rich) is just to scare him, just saying. i know that they're like 14 my friend

but yeah this was based off something i was talking to my friend about, like penny taking the form of a decaying richie to scare the poor hypochondriac.

thanks for reading!! this took like way too long tbh. and this was sort of a thing i wrote to get me ready to write a longer fic i want to do.